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JUNE

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THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

JUNE 1925

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.

The Turret Treasure-Trove

BY ETHEL TALBOT

"HULLO!" said Agnes.

The Abbey School girls had broken ranks, and were careering off in couples over the Moor to get as much fun as possible into the half-hour's freedom which Miss Ling had allowed them.

"In pairs, girls," the house-mistress had adjured them. "Don't go singly, and don't go too far. Be back at the farm by five for tea."

"I say, let's scoot!" Agnes had whispered to Clare.

"Let's do all we can in the time—beat the record, what? What about getting to the Turret and back?"

"Right-o." They were off.

The Turret was a good mile and a quarter from their starting-point. It was something of a landmark, the last remains of an ancient manor-house, and possessed of a stairway leading to a "view" at the top. They'd only got a bare half-hour to do the run there as well as the return. Besides, as they both knew, it wouldn't be any sport getting there without climbing to the top. They kept together, shoulder by shoulder, hardly speaking as they went. It would be rather a lark to set the other girls guessing during tea-time where they'd been. Not one of them would twig.

"Lo and behold!" panted Agnes at last, as the Turret came in view. "Hardly thought we'd do it."

"There's a—weird butterfly!" panted Clare at the same instant.

It wasn't one, though; it was a scrap of paper, flying before the wind which blew in the girls' faces and whipped the colour into their cheeks.

"Leave it," puffed Clare. "It— isn't—one. I— thought—at—first it—was—some—unknown—kind of—orange-tip moth; but——"

But Agnes made a dive for the object in question and seized it even as she ran. Then, still racing, she scanned the "orange-tip" and stared.

And it was then that she said "Hullo!"

For the piece of paper, though small, was interesting in a way. It bore *four* words, apparently written in orange ink.

" 'Under the fifth stair,' " read Agnes, tearing it up. "Quaint! So much for the orange-tip butterfly. I say, Clare, do you think we've time to race up the Turret steps and get the view?"

The view from the top was a ripping one. One could see the Abbey School in the far distance, and the Tower School too, which last was the big boarding-school for boys in the neighbourhood. This end of the Moor was out of bounds for the boys, as Agnes and Clare knew, so it was with some surprise that, having reached the longed-for goal, they became aware, while puffingly scanning the view, of two Tower School caps far, far below.

"I say, they'd get beans if Dr. Fergus knew," remarked Agnes sententiously.

The out-of-borders certainly seemed a bit uneasy; but, just as certainly, they were on some quest or other. They seemed to be crouching under the bushes and searching.

"They're stalking somebody or something, I believe," said the watching Agnes. "I say, look! They're coming this way, I believe—in this direction anyway. They don't guess they're being stalked by us, though. What a lark! Shall I coo-ee?"

"They're coming here," remarked Clare. "I say, they're talking awfully earnestly. I wonder——"

"Let's go down and meet them; it will be a lark. I'll bang down the steps like the Doctor himself. They'll hear the stair totter as I come."

She suited the action to the word with great success.

"Sssssh!" urged Agnes, in a sibilant whisper; "they'll hear your voice. They're inside and at the bottom now. Let's wait till they're gone."

Both girls giggled a little—it was rather a lark—then they stopped laughing suddenly, as something unexpected happened.

Bang! went the door down below.

"What's that?" inquired Clare, turning rather pale.

"They've banged that old door at the bottom," said Agnes.

But even as she spoke she made a speedy re-ascent of the steps to the balcony once more. Yes, there were both the boys flying, as though for their lives, across the Moor in the direction of the Abbey School.

The door to the stairway opened only from the outside. It was old and heavy, and its hinges were

broken. It stood propped open with a great block of wood. The boys must have dragged the wood away, and then slammed the door.

"I didn't know any Tower boys could be such cads," choked Agnes. "It's a street-arab trick! Street arabs wouldn't do it, I believe! *Hi!*" she yelled after the retreating figures.

"And they're not so small either," added Clare, shaking. "As big as us. What shall we do?"



"Go down, of course, and see if we can open the door," returned Agnes at once.

They couldn't—they'd really known that they couldn't. The big block of wood lay across the passage-way; the door was jammed shut; there was no handle. It couldn't be opened by them; though, with force, it could be knocked in from the outside.

"Begorra!" quoth Agnes, "here's a kettle of fish."

"They'll come back! They'll have to! It'd be murder! Oh, how could they?"

"Listen here," said Agnes suddenly. "Let's make the best of it. What's the good of being Guides, or anything else, if we're not sports? Let's look upon it as an adventure. What shall we do?"

"We might go to the top again and shout," suggested Clare lugubriously.

"We might," agreed her friend.

Shout they did—megaphones weren't in it—but there was no reply. They yelled like Red Indians

at intervals for an hour more, scanning the horizon the while.

And then—"Let's go and sit on the stairs to rest our windpipes," said Agnes; "my bronchial tubes feel quite numb. It's more than a bit wearing shouting up there; and besides, I'm beginning to get somewhat chilly."

"Don't sit on that step," counselled Clare suddenly, pointing to one of them with her foot. "It's shaky, I believe. When you were stamping down, *à la* Dr. Fergus, I noticed it. Do be careful. See which it is? The fifth stair."

"The fifth stair! Where have I heard those words before?" remarked Agnes, more for something to say, as she remarked afterwards, than because the phrase interested her in the very least. "The fifth stair!"

But all the same the utterance of those cryptic words led the way to the finding of the treasure.

"Under the fifth stair," she continued. "That was it, Clare. The orange-tip butterfly! Those were the

identical words. Why, what if—"

And, being Guides, and amateur "'tects," and everything else that fairly intelligent girls become, they began to rap and tap.

"We'd never have guessed that there was anything here if we hadn't found that paper. But, as we have—" Thus Agnes, tapping away.

say, Clare, it's a bit of flooring that somebody's taken away here which makes the sound when you step on it. It's not been put back quite properly.



Here—gee whiz! look, just here! there's a hole, and a box!"

Only a small enough tin box. But it wasn't empty. Inside there was treasure-trove indeed.

"Diamonds, unless I'm a Dutchie!" shouted Agnes. "Clare, I say—!" With eyes wide and lips parted she sat there holding up a chain of glittering stones, which danced in the light. "They must be——"

"The Duchess's jewels!" finished up Clare.

For the Duchess's jewel loss had been common knowledge in the district. The gipsies had been suspected; but a police raid on the camp had revealed nothing.

"It—must have been the gipsies," said Agnes slowly. "Well——"

"Why?" inquired Clare, no less impressed.

"Of course I don't know. But the orange ink looks like it. They make ink from plants, I know. That orange-tip writing must have been theirs. But to let it fly about the Moor!"

"It's——" began Clare. But at that identical moment they heard noises outside.

"Up to the top! Fly! it's some one to rescue us!" exclaimed Agnes. "Let's shout!"

But when they got to the top they did not shout. There was no sign of a rescue-party at all. The noises were those of a pair of gipsy men, who had been drinking too freely on this Saturday night.

"You said it would be hereabouts," one remarked. "T' clomp o' bramble nigh to yon Torret."

"Ay, but not the jools. Them's in the Torret, sure. Away there we'll find them if we search."

"Agnes!" gasped Clare. "Oh, they're coming here! They'll kill us. And we can't get away till they get in; and they've been—drinking."

"They *shan't* come in," decided her friend. And so saying, she ran down the Turret stairway.

It needed all the strength of both girls to force one end of the block of wood under the door, this time as a wedge instead of a prop.

"They've no idea we're here inside," panted Agnes, as they sat back tremblingly on their heels to await developments. "So they will just think that it's the wind that's done it. And they'll go away—oh!"

Crash! came at the door. A pommelling, a banging, and ugly words.

But she was right. The men didn't stay long. They banged about a bit, but finally retired, quarrelling, while the girls made their way to the top of the Tower again and stared after them.

"Bit quaint that we didn't *want* the door opened when we got the chance," remarked Agnes, trying to see a humorous side to the situation. "Truth is stranger than fiction!"

"Oooo!" shivered her friend.

They settled down to try to sleep. "We're safe enough from gipsies," said Agnes, "thanks to the wedge."

Were they, though? An hour's fitful slumber was followed by a terrible thump. *Bang! Bang! Bang!*

"Agnes! they've come back!" screamed Clare.

"Shut up, do!" begged her friend, sitting up with staring eyes. "Don't let them hear you: they'll go away."

They did not. *Bang! Bang! Bang!*

"They're breaking in!" almost yelled Clare.

"They" *were*.

"Let's fly to the top," counselled Agnes. "Perhaps they won't come up so high. We'll hide the diamonds in the drain up there. They've evidently come to fetch them. When they don't find them they'll go away." She spoke in gasps.

They ran up, just as the door was breaking in.

"Can you see over the top? Dare you look, Agnes?" shivered Clare.

She did dare. She peered over in the dim moonlight. She saw——

Dr. Fergus, the redoubtable.

Two policemen.

And two boys in Tower School caps.

"*Hi! hi! hi!*" shouted Agnes, like one demented.

"Oh! oh! oh!" groaned Clare, thinking that her friend's mind had become unhinged.

Dr. Fergus had daughters of his own. Also, he happened to be a brick in spite of being awe-inspiring. That was why Clare found herself sobbing in the grasp of the august headmaster of the Towers.

"We've been locked in," she said tearfully.

"By the way, we've found these," added Agnes, carelessly bringing out the jewels.

And the whole story came out then—in gasps.

So did the story of the "cads," who were really out-of-bounders, as Agnes had guessed.

They'd come out after a nest of wild bees, and in searching for it had come upon something else—a hidden gipsy hoard. And the hoard had contained, not only a jummy and other incriminating objects necessary for a burglar's outfit, but a page or two of instructions written in orange ink.

"One page blew away," explained Ranger Minor. "And all that Peter and I could find out was that the loot was in the Turret somewhere for the gipsies of the next camp to carry away. Suspicion was on the Rigley Camp, but the paper said that the Trinder Camp was to carry on. Jolly knowing! Well, we lost the last sheet——"

"We found it," said Agnes. "It was the 'orange-tip' butterfly!"

The Builders of Long Ago

PART III.—DECORATED PERIOD

BY WINIFRED HAMMOND, F.R.H.S.

AND now we come to the fourteenth century Gothic—the Decorated Period, as it is called in architecture.

This is the century when Edward I., Edward II., Edward III., and Richard II. were reigning, and all sorts of exciting folks lived.

You can easily picture the dress of the people who

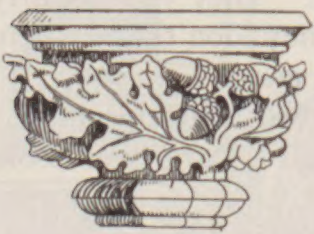


FIG. 1.
Capital with oak leaves
and acorns.

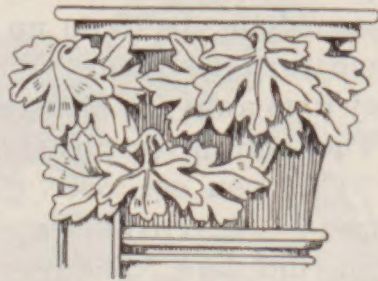


FIG. 2.
Capital with vine leaves.

worshipped in the new churches, for you have all seen pictures of Robin Hood, of Edward I.'s baby son being proclaimed first Prince of Wales, of Robert Bruce in his cave watching the spider, and of the Black Prince.

These clothes, especially in Richard II.'s reign,



FIG. 3.
Ball-flower ornament.



FIG. 4.
Four-leaved flower.

were very extravagant, for this king loved dress, and encouraged it in his courtiers, with the result that it was more absurd than it had ever been before; a wealthy man's suit being more like a piece of patchwork than anything else, with one sleeve blue, the other green; one stocking red, the other white, and a boot on one foot and a shoe on the other!

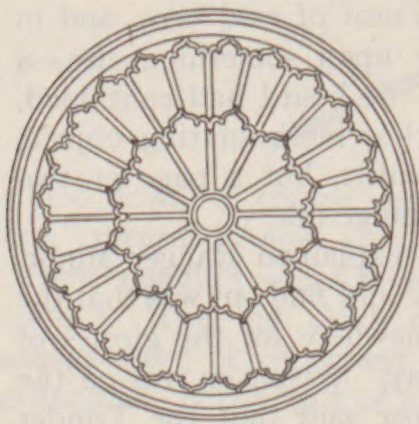


FIG. 5.
A rose window.

But in spite of all this absurdity as regards clothes, the churches built at this time were very beautiful, for the

architects copied Nature in the ornamentation of their buildings.

They went to the woods for ideas for the graceful wreaths of oak (Fig. 1), of maple, and of vine-leaves (Fig. 2) found on the capitals of the pillars (thus strongly marking the difference between this Decor-



FIG. 6.
Trefoils.



FIG. 7.
Quatrefoils and
sexfoil.



FIG. 8.
Cinquefoils and
Multifoil

THREE FORMS OF GEOMETRICAL TRACERY.

ated style and the Early English "stiff-leaved" ornament that I told you about last month).

They went to the garden to copy the opening flower buds, so that we find the little round "ball flower" ornament in every hollow and cranny (Figs. 3 and 15); and they thought of the glorious colours of the open flowers when planning the beautiful rose



FIG. 9.
Flowing tracery.



FIG. 10.
Flamboyant tracery, gradually
merging into the early forms
of Perpendicular.

windows, through the stained glass of which the sun would pour (Fig. 5).

These are the *general* points of a Decorated building, but you will, I hope, want to know something definite about other parts of these churches.

Unlike the Norman *windows*, which are always the same shape, the Decorated ones vary during this long period of one hundred years, the tiny windows in the head being either geometrical shaped (Figs. 6, 7, and 8), net-like (Fig. 9), or flowing (Fig. 10). The arch over the whole window, too, varies in shape, for

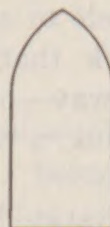


FIG. 11.
Sharp arched
window.

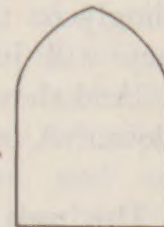


FIG. 12.
Blunt arched
window.



FIG. 13.
"Ogee" arched
window.

THREE FORMS OF "DECORATED" ARCH

it can be very blunt, or very sharp, or even "ogee" (Figs. 11, 12, and 13); yet in every case the windows resemble one another in being very large, and being

divided by *mullions* (Fig. 14)—the upright partitions, usually of stone, which divide a window into lights—

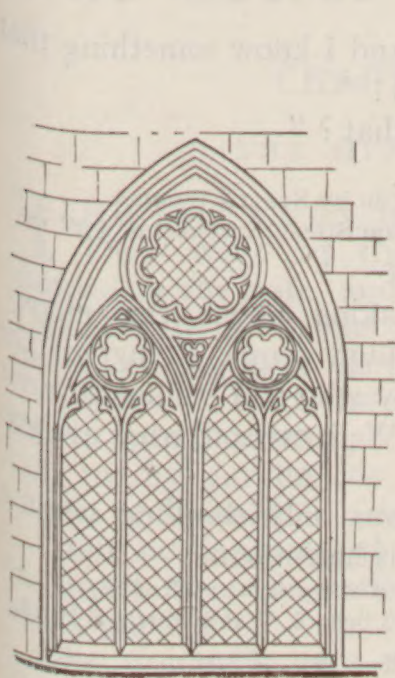


FIG. 14.

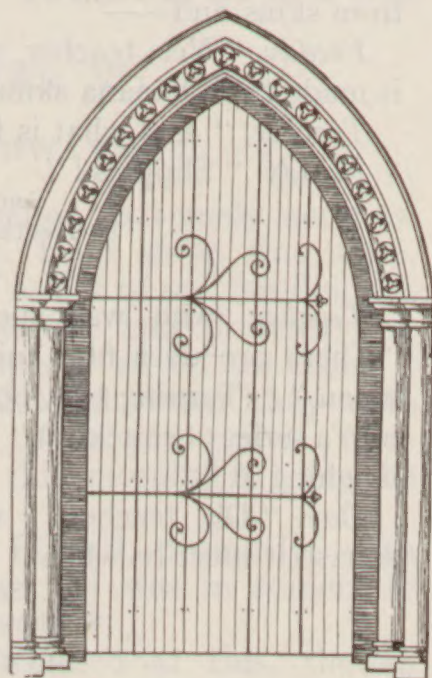


FIG. 15.

which only reach about two-thirds up. Next month I shall tell you something of the Perpendicular style, in which the mullions reach to the *top* of the window.

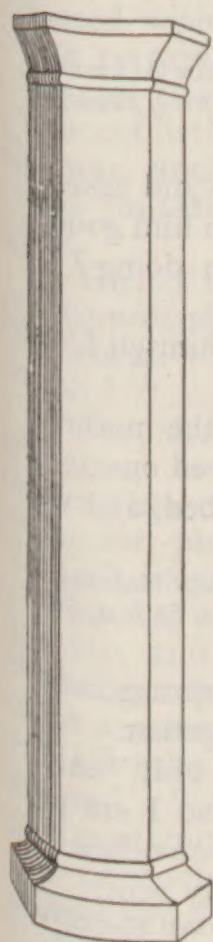


FIG. 16.

arms, crests, and mottoes.

You will remember that the Early English *pillars* were made up of a number of *separate* "shafts." Those of the Decorated style appear similar at a distance, but on closer inspection you will find that all the shafts are "stuck together," or else that it is a solid column, with beautifully ornamented capitals (Fig. 16).

In fact it is this mass of *ornament*, found all over buildings of this time, that has given the name Decorated to the style; for capitals, monuments, and every possible spot are "decorated" with flowers, leaves, birds, insects, dogs, and other animals copied from Nature.

The "tale" of the buildings of the fifteenth century, that I shall tell you next month, is a very different one; no more do buds and graceful leaves and other beautiful things of Nature adorn the buildings, but stiff lines,

✦ ✦ ✦

Small Girl. "Mother, we were up at the farm watching the eggs in the incubator."

Mother. "Did anything come out?"

Small Girl. "Yes; the farmer, and chased us."

Tommy. "If a man set a cabbage in Westminster Abbey, what would come up?"

Willie. "A policeman, of course."

✦ ✦ ✦

ONCE a clergyman and Pat were walking along the top of a cliff, when suddenly Pat disappeared. The clergyman lay down and asked, "Are you dead, Pat?" A very faint voice answered, "Not dead, yer honour, but spacheless" (speechless).

✦ ✦ ✦

As Pat and Mick were walking along a country road, they found a penny and a threepenny piece. Pat said to Mick, "As I am not greedy I will take the small one." But Mick said, "As you say you are not greedy, I shall give you the big one."

✦ ✦ ✦

Two Irishmen, passing a chemist's shop, saw a pair of rubber gloves in the window. "What are they for?" asked Pat. "Why," returned Mike, "you put 'em on when you wash your hands, and then you don't get your hands wet."

✦ ✦ ✦

A LADY who was a regular attender at a church once went there and saw another lady in her pew. They both got nervous, and the first lady said, "You are occupying my pie." The second lady replied, "I was sewn into this sheet."

✦ ✦ ✦

AN employee approached his master. "Vell, Jacob, vat is it you vant?"

Jacob. "Vell, Mr. Solomon, I vould like you to increase my vages."

Mr. Solomon. "Vot! a rise; let's vork it out and see vether you are entitled to it. This is a leap year, so it is 366 days, ain't it? You vork 8 hours a day, vitch is $\frac{1}{3}$ of a day, 3 into 366 leaves 122; you get 52 Sundays off, 52 from 122 leaves 70. You being a good Jew you don't vork on Saturdays, 52 from 70 leaves 18. You also get 14 days' holidays a year, 14 from 18 leaves 4 days, also you get 4 Bank Holidays a year. Vy, go away viz you, you don't vork for me at all."

Motto for June

Always play fair, and think fair; and if you win don't crow about it, and if you lose don't fret.

EDEN PHILLPOTS.

Sent in by KENNETH W. SMITH,
Vine Cottage, Cropredy, Banbury, Oxon,
to whom a book prize has been awarded.



SMILES

"The happy smiles of the young
are the sunshine of the old"



Host. "This is the picture of my great-grandfather, who lost his arm at Waterloo."

Guest. "Yes, isn't it a terrible place for losing things? I lost my bag there last week."

Sent in by BERTIE WILLIAMS,
St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay.

✦ ✦ ✦

Schoolmaster. "Do you know how many kinds of flowers there are?"

Boy. "Yes, sir, three."

Schoolmaster. "Then perhaps you can tell me what they are?"

Boy. "Wild, tame, and collie."

Sent in by WILLIAM ALBERT JONES,
St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay.

✦ ✦ ✦

Difficult Customer. "I can't remember the name of the car I want; I think it starts with 'T.'"

Exasperated Salesman. "Madam, all our cars start with petrol."

Sent in by JAMES SPEED,
St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay.

✦ ✦ ✦

LITTLE Freddie went into the draper's shop. "If you please," he said, "Mother wants a tape measure."

"Certainly," replied the assistant. "How long does she want it?"

"Oh," replied Freddie, "I think she wants to keep it."

Sent in by VERA WINSTANLEY,
St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay.

✦ ✦ ✦

THERE was a Scotsman, an Irishman, and an Englishman, all quarrelling about whose trains went the fastest. The Englishman said, "Our trains go a hundred miles in a minute." The Irishman said, "If you were passing three fields you could not see which was which." But the Scotsman said, "Once I was in a train, and I went to kiss my wife, and when I had kissed her I found I had been kissing a cow fifty miles down the line."

Sent in by EILEEN FLOYD,
Southfields School, Wandsworth, S.W.18.

✦ ✦ ✦

Two Irishmen were walking together in the dark, when one of them fell into a pit. The other peered down it and cried in agony,—

"Och, Pat, tell me if you're kilt entirety?"

"No," was the reply, "I'm not kilt, but I'm spacheless."

Teacher. "Yes, children, many wonderful things are made from skins. Gloves, bags, etc., are all made from skins and——"

Freddy. "Yes, teacher, and I know something that is made from banana skins!"

Teacher. "And what is that?"

Freddy. "Slippers!"

Sent in by STELLA WOOD,
88 Trentham Street, Southfields, S.W.18.

✦ ✦ ✦

Teacher (who was speaking about the moon). "There are over fifty million people living on the moon." (Turning to a boy who had suddenly burst into a series of chuckles) "Well, my son, what are you laughing at?"

Boy. "Oh, teacher, I was only thinking what a squash it must be when it is half-moon."

Sent in by GLADYS ROPER,
Southfield School, Wandsworth, S.W.18.

✦ ✦ ✦

"HEARD about the new poison?"

"No, what is it?"

"Aeroplane poison."

"What the dickens is that?"

"One drop and you're dead."

Sent in by JACK BENTLEY,
1a Whitegate Drive, Blackpool.

✦ ✦ ✦

A SMALL boy called his mother upstairs and asked her to whip John, his brother—"and whip him good."

"But what has little Johnny been doing?" inquired the mother.

"Why, he wants half of the bed to himself!" said the elder child.

"Well, he is entitled to half," said the mother.

"Perhaps he is," replied the aggrieved one; "but he wants his half in the middle of the bed, and wants me to sleep on both sides of him."

Sent in by MARY HASSALL,
Kemberton School, Shifnal, Salop.

✦ ✦ ✦

IN a certain railway carriage an Englishman, a Scotsman, and an Irishman were talking together. "Well, I am an Englishman, and I am proud of it," said the Englishman. "I am an Irishman, and I am proud of it," quoth the Irishman. "Well, I am neither, and I am thankful for it," replied the canny Scot.

Sent in by RICHARD MACKENZIE,
East End, John o' Groats.

✦ ✦ ✦

ON seeing a sheep lying on the coldest side of the hill, a gentleman observed to the shepherd:

"John, if I were a sheep, I would lie on the other side of the hill."

"Ah," said the shepherd, "but if ye was a sheep, ye wad hae mair sense."

The Secret Brotherhood

CHAPTER VII

THE HIGHWAYMEN

THE boys set off, feeling extremely nervous. They went to the front door this time, handed in the note, and asked to see the Colonel. The servant took the letter, and presently returned to say that his master would see them.

"Hullo!" said the Colonel, when they were shown into his room; "two of you in it? Were you in my garden too this morning?" and he glared at Donald.

"Oh no," answered Donald, promptly, with his most cherubic smile. "I was in somebody else's garden."

The Colonel's eyes twinkled at this, though the boys were too nervous to notice it. He was in a very good temper now, having just finished an excellent lunch, so he was quite ready to accept Mr. Marston's explanation, and he was pleased with the appearance of the boys. They were certainly an attractive couple, and a great contrast to each other. Donald looked the most innocent little blue-eyed cherub, however naughty he was, and Brian was tall for his age, with a good imitation of his father's firm mouth and chin.

"Then I hope you've both had that thrashing I recommended," said the Colonel, with pretended fierceness. "Or perhaps you've come to me for it, eh?"

"No, sir," said Brian, with great dignity. "Father said when gentlemen offended each other, they only apologized, so that's what we've come for, please. I'm sorry I offended you, and I won't impose on you again."

This was altogether too much for the Colonel's gravity, and seeing that Brian had no intention of being impertinent, he laughed heartily, to the great amazement and relief of the boys.

"I'll take very good care you don't, my boy," he said. "And I accept your apology as from one gentleman to another. Shake hands on it. I've no doubt you did not enjoy coming to make it, and you did it very creditably, so that business is finished. Suppose you come and see my stables now, if you like horses."

"Oh, rather! Thanks awfully," answered Brian, and the boys spent a thoroughly enjoyable hour with the Colonel. When they left, their host invited them to come again some day, and they parted very good friends in spite of the way the visit had begun.

Their father was delighted when he heard

their news. He explained to them that it would be wiser for them not to try to earn money without finding out first from some grown-up person whether what they intended to do was really a sensible thing or not. But although they agreed, rather doubtfully, they were too keen about their plans for the Brotherhood to give them up altogether on account of what he said. Perhaps if he had realized what a serious matter it was to them, he would have made them understand that what they were aiming at was quite impossible.

The day after the gardening incident Brian had another adventure, and met Colonel Wilson again in an equally unusual way. Donald was in disgrace, and was suffering the ordinary penalty for disobedience, which meant that he was spending the evening in bed, so Brian was left to his own devices, and decided to go for a walk.

He was strolling across the common, whistling cheerfully, and not thinking much about where he was going, when he suddenly found himself tripped up by a cord stretched across the path between some gorse bushes. Before he could get up, three boys, all rather bigger than himself, sprang out and held him down while they proceeded to tie his wrists together behind his back with a piece of cord. He was then pulled to his feet, and led by his captors into their camp. He protested vigorously at first, but he was quite helpless against three of them, so, when he was roughly ordered to be silent, he wisely obeyed—for a time.

There were four other ruffians collected in the circle of bushes which formed the camp. All seven wore black masks over their eyes, and some had leather belts with fierce-looking weapons stuck into them. One, who was evidently the leader of the gang, was sitting on a tree stump in the middle of the camp, wearing a soldier's cap and an old cartridge belt. Brian thought that they must be boys from the town schools, as it was holiday time, but he could not recognize any of them on account of their masks.

"We've captured a spy, captain," said one of his guards, and they led him up to where the leader was sitting.

"Let me go at once," said Brian, indignantly. "You haven't got any right to stop me like this."

"Silence," commanded the captain, sternly. "We're highwaymen, and you're our prisoner. If you do as you're told, you won't suffer; but if you give us any trouble, it'll be the worse for you. Sergeant, turn out his pockets."

"You beastly thieves!" exclaimed Brian. "You leave my pockets alone." The two boys

who were holding him let go his arms for a moment to carry out their orders, and he promptly made a dash for freedom. But it was useless, and after another order from the captain he was thrown roughly to the ground and his legs tied together tightly at the knees and ankles, while he lay on his back, protesting furiously all the time, but, of course, quite helpless.

"I warned you," remarked the captain, grimly. "Now, sergeant, do your duty."

One of the boys pulled out all the contents of Brian's pockets, much to his wrath. There were three pennies, a broken knife, a corkscrew, a few marbles, and various other treasures, all very valuable to their owner, who could do nothing but storm at his captors helplessly, while the gang divided the spoil and grumbled that they had got very little after all their trouble.

"What shall we do with him now, captain?" asked one of them, when this business was completed.

The leader got up from his seat, walked across to where the prisoner lay, and stood with his arms folded and one foot firmly planted on the prisoner's chest, in what he no doubt considered the correct attitude for a highwayman.

"Now, look here, my man," he said sternly, "you've got to give us your word not to try to find out who we are, or to do anything against us."

"I'm jolly well not going to do anything of the kind," said Brian, defiantly. "You're a set of beastly thieves, and I shall tell the police."

"Oh no, you won't, my lad," returned the captain, threateningly. "If you won't promise what we want of your own accord, you'll have to be made to. We can't let spies loose to betray us, and, as I said before, you'd better obey me, or it'll be the worse for you."

"I'm not a spy," said Brian. "There's nothing worth spying on in your silly old camp. You had no business to interfere with me. And you can't make me promise if I don't want to."

"Can't I?" answered his enemy. "We'll soon see about that!"

He stepped back a few paces, and signed to his men.

"Turn him over on to his face," he ordered, "and, Joe, lend me that stick of yours. Now then, you little fool, will you promise not to say anything about us?"

But Brian had plenty of pluck, and he was much too angry to submit tamely, so he set his teeth and made no answer at all. A blow across the back of his legs was the result.

"If you give us your word, we'll untie your hands before we go away, and then you can release yourself. If not, we'll leave you tied up till somebody finds you, and I hope that will be a jolly long time."

It was still quite early in the evening, and people often passed along that way. In fact, one or two had already passed, but they merely thought the boys were all playing together, and took no notice of them. So Brian felt fairly confident that he would be rescued quite soon enough if he was left as his tormentors

threatened, and he said firmly,—

"I've told you already that I'm not going to promise you anything at all, you cowardly, great bullies. I'm not a bit afraid of you. You wouldn't dare touch me if you weren't seven to one."

"You're an obstinate young pup!" said the captain. "Will that teach you?" and he struck him hard across the shoulders.

Brian bit his lip, and didn't utter a sound, and more blows followed. Then perhaps the boy realized that he couldn't make his prisoner give



in without ill-treating him more than he cared to do.

"All right, then," he exclaimed, "have it your own way. We're not going to be disobeyed by a brat like you without making you suffer for it. Pull him up, you fellows, and tie him to that tree as tight as you can. We'll just leave him here, in a jolly uncomfortable fix, till some one finds him. That ought to teach him that he can't spy on us without being punished for it."

Brian didn't think it worth while to say again that he was not spying, and the six other members of the gang pulled him up from the ground and dragged him to the tree. They made him stand with his back to it, produced a long piece of rope, and began to bind him to the trunk, winding it round and round him. It was certainly uncomfortable enough, for his back was smarting from the beating he had had, and his wrists and ankles ached from being tied up. But the boys were so busy with their work that they did not hear what Brian (who was anxiously listening for something of the kind) did—the sound of a horse trotting. He waited till the sound came a little nearer, then taking his captors by surprise, he suddenly yelled at the top of his voice,—

"Help! Rescue!"

A rough hand was instantly pressed against his mouth. But his shout had been heard, and the next minute Colonel Wilson rode in amongst them. The highwaymen quickly scattered, but not before two or three of them had felt his riding whip with some force.

"What's going on here, eh?" he demanded fiercely.

"Colonel Wilson! Rescue me!" called out Brian.

"Hullo! What the dickens— Why, it's my amateur gardener!"

The Colonel dismounted and soon had Brian released. The boy rubbed his aching wrists, and the Colonel asked again,—

"What's all this about, eh? What had you been doing to make them treat you like that?"

"Nothing," said Brian. "I suppose it's their idea of a game." And he explained what they had been doing to him.

"Well, upon my soul! they are a nice lot of young blackguards," exclaimed his rescuer.

"You seem to have some pluck, my boy! I'm a magistrate, you know, and if you can help me to catch any of them I'll make it precious hot for them. Young scoundrels!"

"I don't know who they were," answered Brian. "Chaps from one of the Thorley schools, I expect. They all had masks on, but I think I should recognize the leader if I saw him again. Only, you see, sir, if you did punish them, it

might be a bit awkward for me next time they met me, mightn't it? They'd know me again all right, because I wasn't disguised like they were."

"Yes, I suppose there may be something in that," the Colonel agreed. "If that's the way they treat you just by way of sport, without any provocation, I don't know what their ideas of vengeance might be! But I thought you said they were only trying to make you promise not to give them away?"

Brian grinned.

"Yes," he said. "I knew it wouldn't make the least difference really, whether I promised or not, but I wasn't going to do it just because they told me to."

"I like your spirit!" exclaimed his friend. "Must have been quite six to one, weren't they? But I'm very sorry that they'll get off scot free."

"They didn't really hurt me much," said Brian, "and I think they only thought it was sport, though I can't say I did. But you did give some of them something to remember, anyway. That tall one got a jolly good whack!"

"You're right there, I did! I only wish I'd had a little more time for it. Pack of cowards they were, running off like that."

The Colonel's horse had been quietly grazing close by all this time. He now went up to it, and was preparing to mount, but changed his mind.

"Would you like a ride, boy?" he asked. And when Brian eagerly accepted, he helped him to mount, and trudged along beside him to the Rectory, while Brian chattered very happily all the way. When they reached home the boy jumped down and waited to see the Colonel off, thanking him again for coming to the rescue, and Colonel Wilson said gruffly,—

"No need for thanks, my boy. Glad I happened to be passing. By the way, I remembered yesterday, after you left, that I'm still in your debt for that bit of fruit-picking. Here's something to cover your losses this afternoon, and to add to your fund. Don't forget to come and see me sometimes, and bring that blue-eyed imp with you."

"Thank you most awfully, sir," said Brian, joyfully accepting the half-crown held out to him. "Of course, we'd love to come and see you whenever we may. Good-bye, and ever so many thanks."

The Colonel rode off, muttering again something about no need for thanks, and Brian watched till he was out of sight, and then dashed indoors to tell everybody about his exciting adventure.

(To be continued.)

STORIES for YOUNGER READERS



The Rose that didn't Grow

(Continued)

ONE day Acaulis heard Artis singing, and he popped his head over the wall of the pixie rose garden.

"Hullo, Artis!" he called. "What are you doing?"

"Painting white roses yellow!" answered Artis. "See what a lot I've done!"

"How beautiful they are!" marvelled Acaulis. "You do paint splendidly, Artis!"

After that the little gnome sat on the wall every day and talked to Artis. The two soon became very fond of one another, for both were fond of flowers.

On the first Friday evening Acaulis mixed dew and honey together and carefully watered the tiny little plant growing from his seed. "I *do* hope it will be beautiful," said Acaulis to himself, "for I would so love to be Grand Keeper of the Flowers!"

On the second Friday evening, just as Acaulis was preparing the dew and honey, there came a knock at his door.

"Acaulis, come quickly! Misty-May has caught her wing in a bramble, and wants you to get it free!" cried a voice.

"Oh, I *can't* come!" answered Acaulis. "I *must* water my rose plant!"

"*Do* come! *do* come!" begged the voice.

Kind-hearted Acaulis put down the honey-pot and ran out to help Misty-May.

But alas! when he returned the sun had set, and it was too late to water his plant!

"Oh, now it won't grow, it won't grow!" wept Acaulis. Then he dried his eyes. "Never mind. Perhaps if I give it *two* lots of honey and dew next Friday it won't matter," he decided.

All that week the plant did not grow a single inch, and Acaulis was very upset. On the next Friday, as he was hurrying home to water his plant, he met his friend Grey-Ears, the rabbit, carrying a load of green moon-beads to the Queen's dressmaker.

"We're going the same way, Grey-Ears," said Acaulis. "Let me carry your load for you for a little while."

"Thank you very much," said Grey-Ears, and gave the moon-beads to Acaulis.

They hurried along till suddenly Acaulis tripped over a tree stump and—clitter-clatter, clitter-clatter! All the green moon-beads rolled here, there, and everywhere.

"Oh, they'll be lost! Whatever shall I do!" cried Grey-Ears in despair.

"I'm *dreadfully* sorry!" said poor little Acaulis. "I'll pick them all up for you."

And he did. But by the time he had hunted under all the leaves and in all the moss the sun had set, and another Friday evening had gone by without his precious plant being watered. Acaulis was dreadfully upset.

"I'll stay at home next Friday and make sure it is watered," he said to himself.

So the next Friday he stayed at home. Just as he was getting down the little honey-pot a pixie rushed in.

"Artis is ill! He has a sore throat and he's got to eat pots and pots of honey to make him better. Have you got any to spare?"

"Oh dear! I *did* so want it; but never mind, take my honey for Artis," said Acaulis, with tears in his eyes, giving the precious pot of honey to the pixie. The pixie ran off, and Acaulis went out and watered his tiny plant with dew alone, though he knew that wouldn't do any good at all. But there wasn't enough time before sunset to get any more honey.

The plant didn't grow at all. It had a funny little collection of leaves growing all together, and a few little yellowish buds. Acaulis thought it was rather pretty, but a very poor specimen for a rose.

"Anyway, I'll show it to the King," he decided. "He might happen to like it."

Soon the King came along to attend the Rose Show. He looked at the rose of the fairy who had danced round her bush morning and night.

"Beautiful," he said; "but you have danced too much; the rose is orange, not yellow."

Then he looked at the rose of the elf who had watered his with sunshine and amber dewdrops.

"You have a beautiful rose," he said; "but see, your watering has turned the leaves and the stem yellow too, and that is ugly."

He looked at many others, but not one did he find that was perfect, until he came to the one that Artis had painted.

"Oh, how glorious!" he said. "This is the one I shall choose."

"Please, your Majesty, it is painted," said Artis. "Will you say a magic spell over it, to make the paint stay always? and look, you haven't seen my friend's rose yet," and he pointed to where Acaulis stood.

"What a queer, prim little rose!" said the King, looking at the tidy little plant. "It isn't a *bit* like a rose, Acaulis, but it's a lovely yellow. Does it smell?"

"Yes, your Majesty," said Acaulis.

The King smelt it. "Oh, Acaulis, it smells of springtime," cried he. "No flower has ever had such an exquisite smell before! How *did* you grow it?"

"Let *me* tell you, your Majesty," said Artis. And he not only told the King about the flower, but about all the kind deeds Acaulis had done instead of tending his plant as he wanted to.

"You are a good little gnome, Acaulis," said the King gently. "I cannot give you the prize, because that must go to Artis; but because your flower is so dainty and smells of springtime, it shall be planted all over the country, to come out in the very early spring, and every one will love it!"

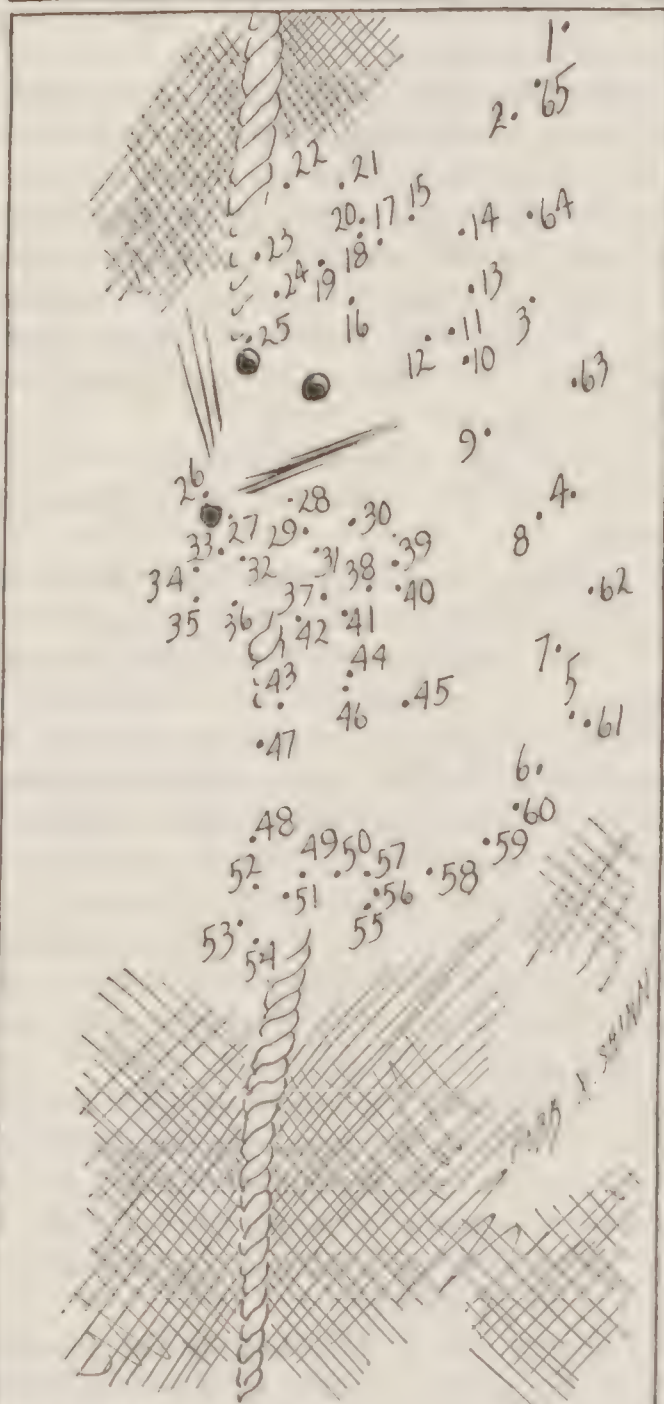
Acaulis was tremendously pleased.

"What shall we call my flower?" he asked.

The King laughed. "It's such a funny little prim and proper flower!" he said.

"Let's call it a primrose, shall we!"

MOTHER GOOSE DOT PUZZLE



THERE WAS A _____,
FOR WANT OF STAIRS,
WENT DOWN A ROPE
TO SAY HIS PRAYERS.

Beginning at the small dot at figure 1 draw a line to the small dot at figure 2, and from there to figure 3, and so on. You will then see what you will see.

Common Objects of the Country

BATS

EVERY one has read, or at least heard of, the tale entitled *Eyes and no Eyes*. Now this story, or rather the moral of it, is, in my opinion, as often used unfairly as rightly.

Although there are those who pass through life with closed eyes and stopped ears, yet there are many more who would be glad to use their eyes and ears, but know not how to do so for want of proper teaching. To one who has not learned to read, the Bible itself is but a series of senseless black marks; and, in like manner, Nature—the unwritten Word that lies around, below, and above us—is unmeaning to those who cannot read it.

Many would like to read, but cannot do so; and it is in order to help such that the following pages are written.

It is no matter of marvel that many an observant person becomes bewildered among natural objects; that he is lost amid the variety of animal, vegetable, and mineral life in which he lives; and that, after vainly attempting to understand some simple object, he finds himself baffled, and so in despair ceases to inquire into particulars, and contents himself with admiration of and love for nature in general.

Objects change so rapidly and so constantly, that there is hardly time to note a few remarks before the season has passed away; the object under examination has changed with it, and a year must pass by before that study can be continued.

From experience I know how valuable are even a few hints by which the mind can be directed in a straight course without wasting its strength and losing its time by wandering in wrong paths. Only hints can be given, for the limits of space forbid long accounts of single objects.

Every object that is described by the pen will be figured by the pencil, in order to assist the reader in identifying the creature in an easier manner than if it were merely described in words.

Of the birds I shall not be able to treat, as it would occupy too much space; and, for the same reason, only a short account can be given of each object.

As in the scale of creation the mammals, as animals that suckle their young are called, fill the highest place, we will speak of them first, taking, as far as possible, each creature in its own order.

Perhaps there are few people who do not feel some

surprise when they learn that the very highest of our British animals is the bat. Usually the bat is looked upon as a creature of such ill-omen that its very presence causes a shudder, and its approach would put to flight many a human being.

There is certainly some ground for this feeling; for the night-loving habits of the creature, its weird-like aspect, its strange, devious flight, and more especially its organs of flight, are so interwoven with the popular ideas of evil and its ministers, that bats and imps appear to be one and the same thing.

Painters always represent their imps as upborne by bats' wings, and sculptors follow the same principle.

In consequence, all bats and objects connected with bats are viewed with great horror; yet a very



COMMON LONG-EARED BAT.

pretty creature is a bat, more especially the long-eared species, and its habits are most curious.

It is well worth the time to watch these little creatures on a warm summer's night, as they flit about in the air, and to note the enjoyment of their aerial hunt. They are fearless animals; and, provided that the observer remains fairly still and does not speak, bats will often flit so close to his face that he could almost catch them in his hand.

Their flight is very singular, and reminds one of the butterfly in its apparently vague flitting. Indeed, there are many large moths that fly by night who can hardly be distinguished from the bats, if the evening be rather dark, so similar are they in their mode of flying through the air.

Every creature is made for happiness, and receives happiness according to its capacity; and it is very wrong to suppose that, because *we* should be miserable

if we led the life of a vulture, or a sloth, or a bat, therefore those creatures are miserable.

In truth, the vulture is drawn to, and feels its greatest delight in, those substances which would drive us away with averted eyes and stopped nostrils. The sloth is, on the authority of Waterton, quite a jovial beast, and anything but slothful when in his proper place; and as for the bat, it sings for very joy. True, the song is not very tuneful, neither is that of the swift, or the peacock, nor, perhaps, that of the Cochín-China fowl, but it is nevertheless a song from the abundance of the heart.

There are many human ears that are quite unable to hear the cry of the bat, so keen and sharp is the note; a very razor's edge of sound.

More than once I have been standing in a field over which bats were flying in multitudes, filling the air with their sharp, needle-like cries. Yet my companion, who was a musician, was unable to hear a sound, and could not for some time believe me when I spoke of the noisy little creatures above.

The sound is somewhat like that produced by a slate-pencil when held upright in writing on the slate, only the bat's cry is several octaves more acute.

Of so piercing and peculiar a nature is the cry, that it gives no clue to the position or distance of the creature that utters it, and it seems to proceed from any portion of the air towards which the attention happens to be directed. The note of the grasshopper-lark possesses somewhat of the same quality.

Even in confinement the bat is an interesting creature, and shows certain traits of character and peculiarities of habit which in its wild state cannot be seen.

Not long ago I received a message from a neighbouring grocer, asking me to capture a bat which had flown into his shop, and which no one dared touch.

When I arrived, the creature had taken refuge on an upper shelf, and had crawled among a pile of sugar-loaves that were lying on their sides after the usual custom. We pulled out several loaves near the spot where the bat was last seen, and by casting a strong light from a bull's-eye lantern, discovered a little black object snugly hiding at the very back of the shelf.

I pushed my hand towards the spot, but for some time could not seize the creature, as it was so tightly packed, and squeezed into a corner. At last the bat gave a flap with one of the wings, which I caught, and so gently drew my prisoner forwards.

He was a brave little fellow, as well as discreet, and bit savagely at my fingers. However, his tiny teeth could not do much damage, and I put him into a cage which I brought with me.

(To be continued.)

Saint Cuthbert

(Concluded.)

IT was a cold bleak night, and the sea lay black and sullen outside the line of breakers, but Cuthbert seemed to have no fear of cold or blackness. Reaching the edge of the waves, he waded in deeper and ever deeper until the water rose as high as his chest. Standing thus, he sang his hymn of praise to God, and the sound of the psalms rose triumphant, hour after hour, above the sob of the sea and the wail of the wintry wind. Not till the first faint gleam of dawn touched the east with rosy light did Cuthbert cease his vigil of prayer and praise. Then, numbed and half frozen, he waded out and stood upon the shelving beach once more, and from the sea there followed him two otters. The watcher among the rocks saw the two little animals rub themselves tenderly against the frozen feet, until their soft fur brought back some warmth and life to the ice-cold limbs; and when their work was done they stole quietly back into the water and were seen no more. It is this legend of the kindness of the otters which has never been forgotten whenever the name of Saint Cuthbert is mentioned.

For fourteen years Cuthbert remained at Melrose, and when the good Boisil died the brethren chose the favourite young monk as their prior. But it was not long before he left the abbey of Melrose and went to the monastery of Lindisfarne, on the wild bleak island known as Holy Island. Here for twelve years he did his work as thoroughly and bravely as he had done when he was a monk at Melrose, and within the monastery his gentleness and infinite patience, his kindness and wise dealing, smoothed away every difficulty, and brought peace and happiness to all the community.

It was no easy life he led on that bleak, bare, wind-swept island of the North Sea, but still Cuthbert sought for something harder and more difficult to endure. He longed to follow the example of the hermit saints of old, and he made up his mind to seek some desert spot where he might live alone with God, far from the world with its love of ease and its deadly temptations.

From the monastery of Lindisfarne, Cuthbert had often gazed across to the little islands which in summer-time shone like jewels set in a silver sea, and in winter seemed like little grey lonely ghosts wrapped in their shroud of easterly *haar*, or lashed by the cruel north wind until only the white foam of the breakers marked the spot where they stood.

It was whispered by the brethern that evil spirits had their haunt upon the wildest of those little islands, and it seemed a fit place for the powers of darkness to work their will. There was not a tree and scarcely a plant upon the little island of Farne, for the bitter winds blew the salt spray in from every side, and only the wild sea-birds, gulls, kittiwakes, puffins, and eider-ducks, found shelter among the rocks to build their nests.

It seemed exactly the spot that Cuthbert sought for his retreat, and he only smiled when the brethren tried to dissuade him, and talked of the dangers that awaited any one who dared to land upon that island.

"The greater need, then, that I should go," said Cuthbert. "Christ's soldier is the fittest champion to fight the powers of darkness."

So Christ's soldier went out to seek a home on the desolate island, and all alone there he set to work to found a little kingdom of his own. Whether the demons fled at the approach of the holy man is not known, but certain it is that when at last some of the brothers ventured over, half timidly, to see how their prior fared, they found only Cuthbert and the wild birds there in peaceful solitude.

The hut which he had built for himself against the rocks was almost like a sea-bird's nest, for it was hollowed out deep within, and its walls were of rough stones and turf, its roof of poles and dried grass. It must have been a work of great labour to build that wall, and some of the stones were so large that it seemed as if it would have needed three men to move them.

At first it was needful that food should be brought to Cuthbert on the desolate island, but he was very anxious to provide for himself, for he always loved to work with his hands. The first crop of corn which he sowed came to nought, but the next thing he tried was barley, and that grew and flourished, and Cuthbert was content to think that now no longer was he dependent on others for his food.

For eight years Cuthbert lived his life of prayer and self-denial in the little home he had made for himself, but at the end of that time God had other work for him to do. It was decided that the hermit of Farne Island should be called forth and made a bishop.

A company of men landed on the island and brought the message to the lonely man in his little oratory, but Cuthbert would not listen to their pleading. The honour was too great for him, he said, and he prayed them to leave him to his prayers. Then it was that the King himself, with the bishops and great men of the kingdom, came in a wondrous procession and besought Cuthbert to come out and do battle for God in the Church. Cuthbert saw

then that it was the will of God, and he yielded. It was with a sad heart that he left his home among the wild birds and prepared to take his place in the world again as Bishop of Lindisfarne.

But it was not only the souls of his people for which Cuthbert cared, but for their bodies as well. Many an illness did he cure; many a stricken man owed his life to the Bishop's care. It seemed as if his very presence put fresh courage and strength into those who were thought to be dying, so that the touch of his hand led them back from the very gates of death. God had indeed given His servant special powers of healing, and who shall measure the power of a good man's prayers?

Once, in a far-off hamlet which had been visited by a deadly sickness, Cuthbert had gone from hut to hut, visiting and cheering each one of his people, leaving behind him courage and returning health. He was very weary and worn out, for the work had been heavy, but before leaving, he turned to a priest who was with him and said, "Is there still any one sick in this place whom I can bless before I depart?"

"There is still one poor woman over yonder," answered the priest. "One of her sons is already dead, and the other is dying even now."

A few swift strides and the Bishop was by the side of the stricken mother. No thought had he of the danger of catching the terrible disease. His strong loving hands gently drew the dying child from her arms, and, holding the little one close to his heart, he knelt and prayed that God would spare the little life. Even as he prayed the child's breathing grew easier, and when he placed him again in his mother's arms it was a living child she held and not a dying one.

But Cuthbert's strength was waning fast, and the old health and strength were gone. He knew his work was drawing to a close, and with the knowledge came a great longing to creep away to the little seagirt island, and spend the last few months alone with God.

It was with heavy hearts that the brothers watched the little boat made ready which was to carry their beloved Bishop away from their care.

"Tell us, Reverend Bishop, when may we hope for thy return?" cried one.

"When you shall bring my body back," was the calm answer. Then they knew that this was their farewell, and they knelt to receive his blessing.

The end was not far off. A few short weeks amongst the happy birds; a worn weary body laying itself down to rest before the altar in the little oratory; a glad soul winging its flight back to God, and Saint Cuthbert's earthly life was over.

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Our Competitions

Rules for Competitors

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the back page of the cover of the current number of the paper. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one of the papers sent in by each competitor.* Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing and neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers received later than **June 22** will be considered.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for June

For all Ages up to Fifteen

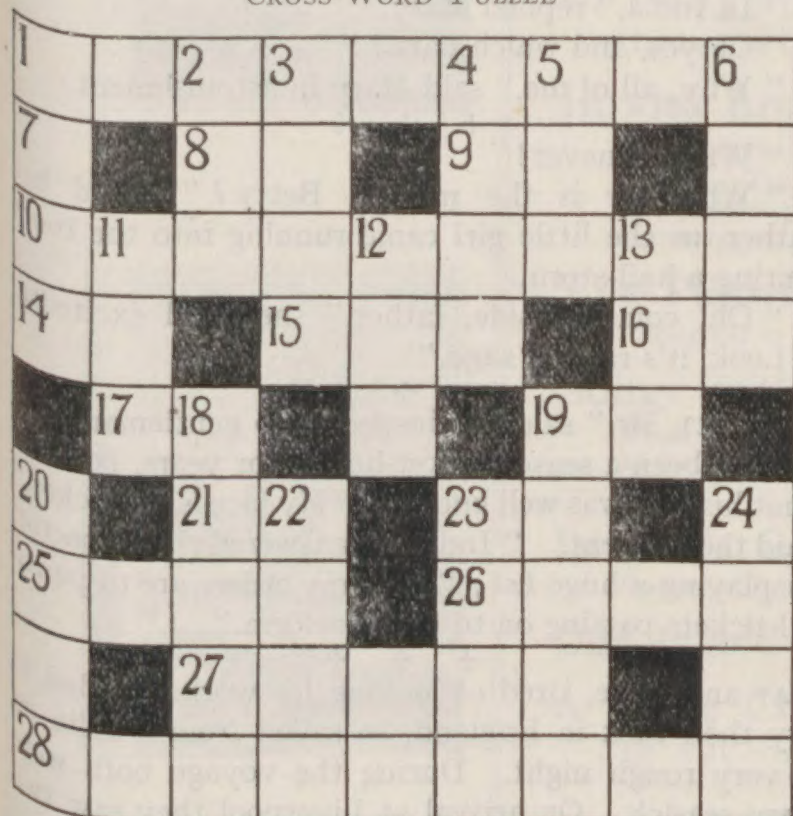
ESSAY COMPETITION

Write an original story to show the meaning of the following maxim, "Little strokes fell great oaks."

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Make a drawing of a parrot, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



This month I want you to make up a cross-word puzzle which will fit the above diagram. Of course, both the clues and the solution must be sent in.

For Children under Twelve only

COMPOSITION COMPETITION

Write an imaginary conversation between two boys or two girls who have just met after having been away for Easter holidays.

LIMERICK COMPETITION

Write a Limerick of five lines, beginning, "There was a kind Doctor of Brighton."

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Make a drawing of a pair of boots or shoes, and colour them with water-colours or chalks.

For Children under Ten only

LETTER COMPETITION

Write a letter to a friend inviting him (or her) to a picnic, and saying how you mean to spend the day.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Make a drawing of a teapot, and colour it with water-colours or chalks.

Motto Competition

All readers may enter this competition. A Book Prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

Prize List for April

Would JEAN LOGAN, who won a prize in March, please send the Editress her correct address, as her prize has been returned to us by the Post Office.

ESSAY COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Margaret Lillie, The Asylum, Downpatrick, Co. Down. Hilda Whiteside, School Fold, Hesketh Bank, near Preston.

Honourable Mention.—Marie McCready, Hillsborough, Co. Down; Harry Dand, Joppa; William Waterworth, National School, Adlington.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Prize-Winners.—Moirra McIntosh, Marie House, 7 Lodge Road, Coleraine. Beth Robinson, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester. William Roberts, St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay.

Honourable Mention.—Frances Wigley, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Wilfred G. Howard, Bermondsey; Albert Waters and Charles Davies, National School, Adlington; Jeannie Simpson, Inverurie.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Rosemary Easton, Hopeleigh, Fairhope Avenue, Pendleton, Manchester. Nancy Saddler, 3 Great Hamilton Street, Glasgow.

Honourable Mention.—Betty Butler, Blanchville School, Rubery, near Birmingham; Hilda Bourne, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge; Nancy Kerr, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester.

MANY-HEADED WORDS

The answers were as follows:—Luck, Duck, Puck; Gift, Lift, Rift; East, Vast, Fast; Yarn, Darn, Warn; Hare (or Mare), Bare, Rare, Dare.

Prize-Winners.—Megan Williams, 288 Anfield Road,

Liverpool. George Crook, The Fydell School, Morcott. Margaret Wood, Curthwaite, Thursby, Carlisle. William A. Cross, Brookfield, Banbridge, Co. Down.

Honourable Mention.—Jim W. Millen, Bangor, Co. Down; John P. MacIlwaine, Newtownstewart, Co. Tyrone; Margaret Skinner and Hilda Bourne, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Arthur Lyons, St. Vincent's School, Beacon Lane, Liverpool; Delia Cantell, Buckingham; Donald Galloway, Glasgow; Reggie Foster, Nelson Ledsham, and William Kirkland, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey; George Anderson, New Holland, Keady; Frank Barton, Wigan; Anna E. McFetridge, Aghadowey.

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

J	O	A	N	O	F	A	R	C
O		I	E		A	S		R
H	O	R	S	E	S	H	O	E
N	A		T	N	T		W	E
	R	N		D		B	E	
E		A	M		S	E		W
R	O	B	E		E	L	M	O
O		O	R	I	E	L		A
S	T	B	E	R	N	A	R	D

It is quite impossible to give the names of all those who sent in the correct solution, and those printed below represent the very neatest correct solutions.

Prize-Winners.—Anna C. P. Boyd, Cullycapple, Aghadowey, Co. Derry. Joseph Pierce, St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay. Isa Thomson, 21 Eskdale Street, Crosshill, Glasgow. Ian Pendreich, 99 Harrison Road, Edinburgh.

Honourable Mention.—Fred Berry, National School, Adlington; Ronald Greenwood, Worsthorne, near Burnley; Isa Thomson, Crosshill, Glasgow; Jean Spence, Preston; Richard Mackenzie, John o' Groats; Tom Semple, Strabane; James E. Watson, Anfield, Liverpool; Nora Stendall, Belfast; Edith Dodd, Emma Roberts, and Joseph Bennett, St. Mark's School, Connah's Quay; Ralph Wilcock, Burnley; Jessie Whitehead, New Tolley, near Sheffield; John MacIlwaine, Newtownstewart, Co. Tyrone; Leslie Popham, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey; William A. Cross, Banbridge; H. Mackenzie, Crosshill, Glasgow; Mabel Connell, Dublin; Barbara Smith, Dunstable; Frank Barton, Wigan.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Prize-Winners.—Edward Callan, National School, Adlington, Lancs. Ray Horsford, Ufton Lane School, Milton Regis, Kent. Rene Gray, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester.

Honourable Mention.—Janette Brash, Mount School, Kersal; James Grubb, Ufton Lane School, Milton Regis;

Arthur Ingham, Worsthorne Council School; Frances Wigley, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton; Betty Harvey, Bangor, Co. Down; Betty Butler, Blanchville School, Rubery, near Birmingham.

LETTER COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Mabel Searle, Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing. Arthur Thomson, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey. Barbara Fox, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

Honourable Mention.—David Robertson, Johnstone; Phyllis Williams and Eileen Crockett, Blanchville School, Rubery, near Birmingham; Margaret Reich and Olwen Davies, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Reggie Foster, St. George's Boys' School, Wallasey; Nellie Budd, Christ Church Girls' School, Worthing.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Prize-Winners.—James Grubb, Ufton Lane School, Milton Regis, Kent. Ruby White, Greywell, Basingstoke, Hants. Willie McEwan, P.O. Buildings, West Kilbride.

Honourable Mention.—Mary Butler and Jean Summerfield, Blanchville School, Rubery, near Birmingham; Anne Christie, Gilsland, via Carlisle; Peggy Jones, Sittingbourne, Kent; Leslie Edgson, The Fydell School, Morcott; Enid Davies, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton.

✦ ✦ ✦

Teddy. "I think London policemen must be very strong."

Policeman. "What makes you think so?"

Teddy. "Because father says that they can hold up all the traffic in the streets with one hand."

✦ ✦ ✦

A VISITOR was asking little Mary some questions.

"And where were you born, dear?"

"In India," replied Mary.

"Oh yes, and which part?"

"Why, all of me," said Mary in astonishment.

✦ ✦ ✦

"WELL, I never!"

"Whatever is the matter, Betty?" asked her father, as the little girl came running into the room during a hail-storm.

"Oh, come outside, father," she cried excitedly. "Look, it's raining sago."

✦ ✦ ✦

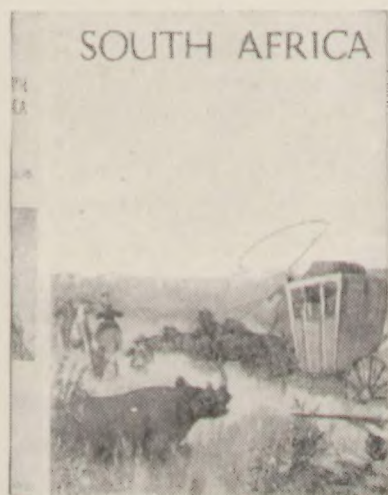
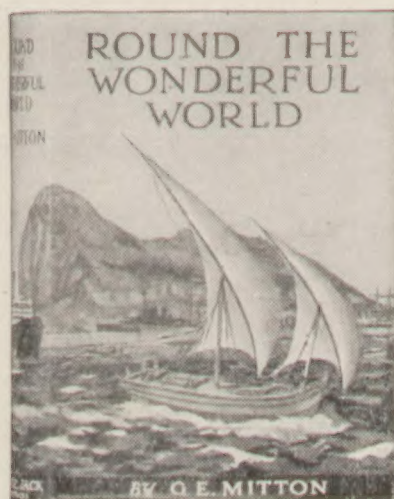
"TICKET, sir," said the inspector to gentleman who, having been a season ticket-holder for years, believed that his face was well known. "My face is my ticket," said the old gent. "Indeed," answered the inspector, displaying a huge fist; "well, my orders are to punch all tickets passing on to this platform."

✦ ✦ ✦

PAT and Mike, tired of looking for work, decided to try their luck in England, so sailed from Dublin on a very rough night. During the voyage both were very seasick. On arrival at Liverpool they saw two divers just coming to the surface. "Begorra," said Mike, "if I'd known I'd have walked it from home myself."



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Name.....

Address.....

.....Age last Birthday.....